

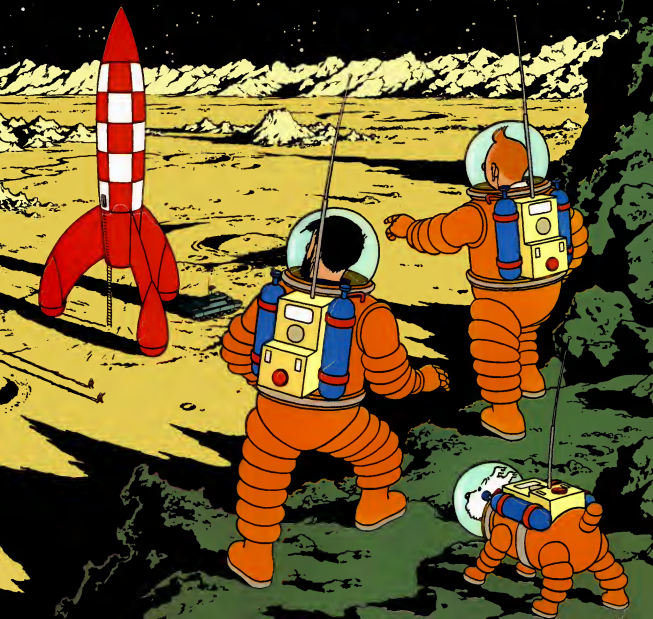
- HERGÉ -

★
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

★

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON



HERGÉ
★
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
★
**EXPLORERS
ON THE MOON**



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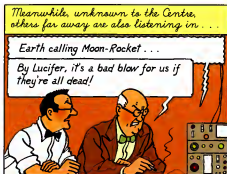
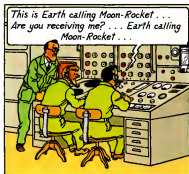
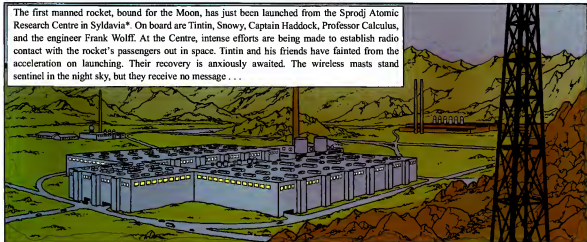
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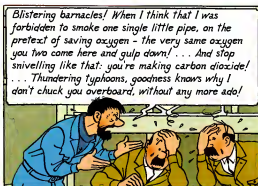
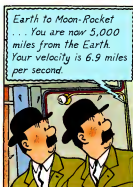
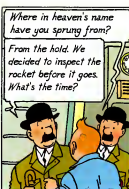
EXPLORERS ON THE MOON

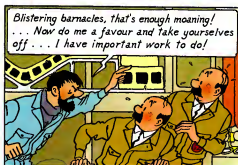
The first manned rocket, bound for the Moon, has just been launched from the Sprodl Atomic Research Centre in Syldavia*. On board are Tintin, Snowy, Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus, and the engineer Frank Wolff. At the Centre, intense efforts are being made to establish radio contact with the rocket's passengers out in space. Tintin and his friends have fainted from the acceleration on launching. Their recovery is anxiously awaited. The wireless masts stand sentinel in the night sky, but they receive no message . . .

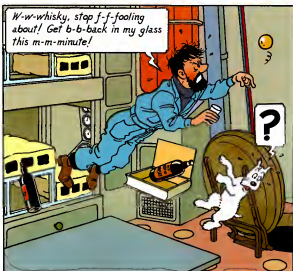
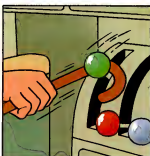
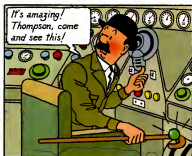
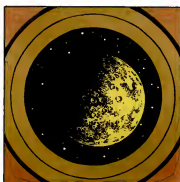
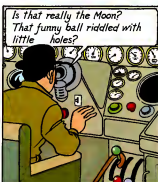


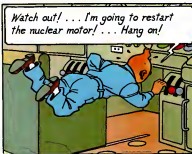
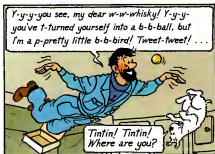
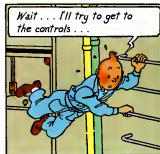
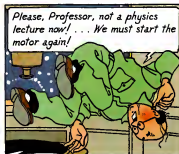
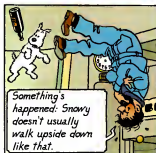
* See Destination Moon











Earth to Moon-Rocket
... What's going on? ...
Why have you stopped
the nuclear motor?

A cartoon illustration of the Earth from space, showing the Americas. A lightning bolt strikes the top of the globe.

Moon-Rocket to Earth . . . One of the two detectives accidentally closed the motor throttle . . . But we've just started her up again.

It's funny, we held on very tight!

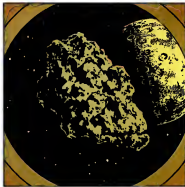
Yes, but what to?

Yes, but
what to?

To be on the safe side
I'm issuing everyone with
magnetic-soled boots . . .

A red and white checkered rocket ship with a yellow flame trail is flying upwards against a black background with small white stars. The rocket has a red nose cone and a white body with red checkered patterns. It is angled upwards and to the right.

The Professor's right. If the nuclear motor stops again for any reason, these soles will hold us down to the cabin floor. Then we shan't float about like balloons.



The asteroid Adonis is a dwarf planet which orbits between Mars and Jupiter. It is a rock-like mass, about a mile in diameter . . . Take my place and watch, while I put on my boots . . . but for goodness sake don't Touch anything!

There, that's that . . . But how do you account for one pair left over? . . . Has someone not put on his boots?

Crumbs, it's the Captain . . . he stayed below . . . I'll take them down to him.



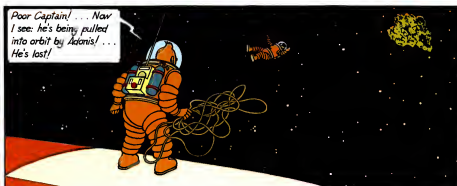
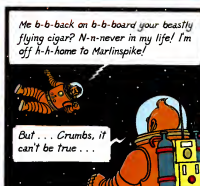
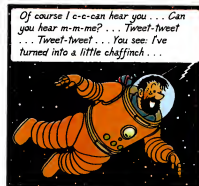
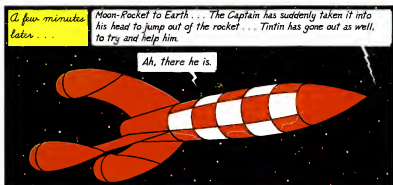
There, that's that . . . But how do you account for one pair left over? . . . Has someone not put on his boots?

Crumbs, it's the Captain . . . he stayed below . . . I'll take them down to him.

And the Captain? ... Where's the Captain? ... I ... Hello, what's that piece of paper, there on the table?

Great snakes! It's fantastic! . . . He's gone out of his mind! . . . Quick, the Professor must see this . . .

A cartoon illustration of Tintin, a young man with a red cap and a blue jacket, running quickly. He is holding a white piece of paper in his right hand. His expression is one of urgency. The background is a simple light blue.



Hello Professor Calculus ... Tintin calling ... The Captain's getting further and further away ... attracted by Adonis.



This is terrible! ... Surely there must be something we can do?

Of course ... We must inform Earth at once, and tell them Adonis has a new satellite by the name of Haddock!



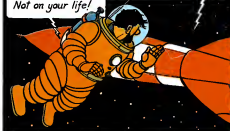
Not so fast! I have a plan: you raise the retractable ladder at once, so that I can anchor myself securely. Then, start up the motor: gently at first, but getting faster and faster ...

But what are you hoping to do?



To get close enough to the Captain to throw him a line, and pull him aboard.

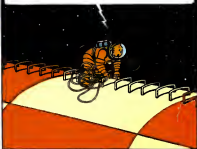
Pull me aboard? ... Not on your life!



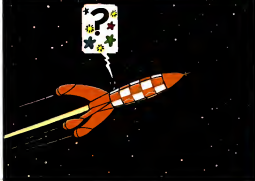
It's sheer madness! ... But I admire you for wanting to try ... I'll raise the retractable ladder as you said, and wait for your orders ...



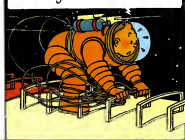
Tintin here ... I'm securely anchored ... You can start the motor ...



All right ... I ... Tintin, it's terribly risky ... But, good luck, anyway! Steady now: I'm starting the motor ...



Tintin calling ... I got a terrific jolt but I managed to hold on ... You are right on course ...

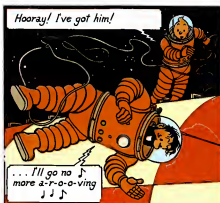
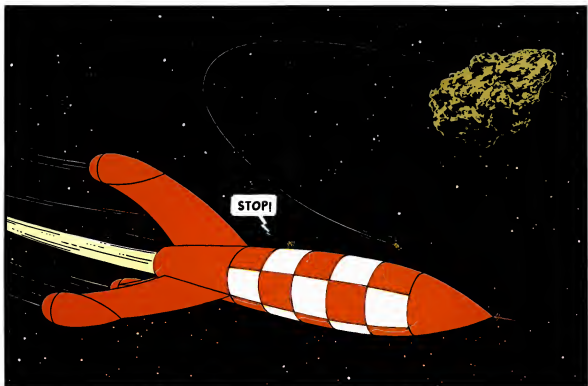


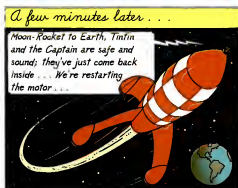
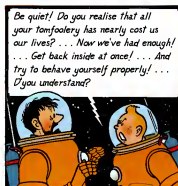
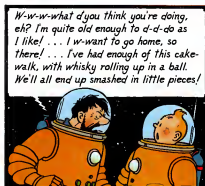
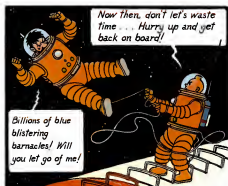
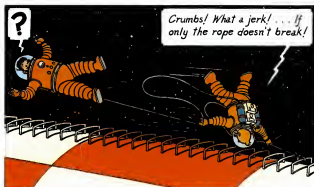
Yes, I can see the Captain ... I'll close up to him. But for goodness' sake be quick. As soon as the motor stops Adonis will start dragging us into orbit.



I'll do my best ... Steady now! Stand by to cut the motor!









For the time being, until your medicine takes effect, I'll cut this shock of hair for you. But first let's go below; it will be easier down there . . .



Here, give me the scissors. I'll shear these merino lambs myself!

Oh? . . . As you please . . .



Earth to Moon-Rocket . . .
Attention! . . .
Attention! . . .

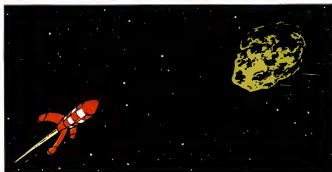
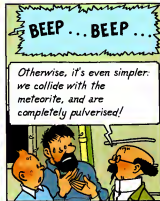
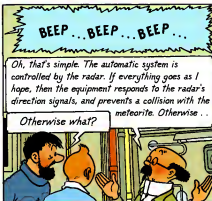
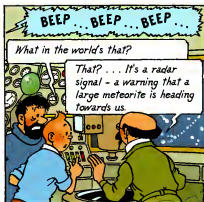
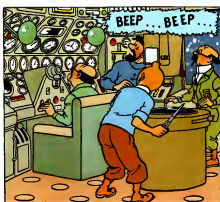


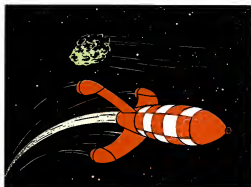
Earth to Moon-Rocket . . .
Stand by . . . The turning operation will have to be made in twenty minutes' time.



Right . . . We're waiting for your instructions.







Whew! ... The danger's passed!
... I can breathe again. I don't mind
telling you, I was very frightened.
Would we really have been
smashed to smithereens?



Not only that! Far more
serious! ... I can tell
you now: if my theories
hadn't worked out, I'd
have had to begin all my
calculations over again.



A few minutes later ...

And when anyone asks me later on: "What was
your job in the rocket?" I'll say, "Me? I was
the hairdresser!"



A mop like this doesn't
need a pair of scissors to
cut it ...



... it needs pruning-shears,
ten thousand thundering
typhoons, or a lawn-mower!



Whew! There's one cropped! Next gentleman,
please! ... What? ... Is His Highness not satisfied?

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ... My
poor fellow! If you could
see yourself!



Go on, laugh! Laugh! ... If
you imagine you look more
dignified than your esteemed
friend, you've got another
thing coming!



And none of this would have
happened, thundering typhoons,
if you'd been able to tell the
blistering difference between
1 p.m. and 1 a.m.!



There, that's finished! ...
Look at my hands now! ...
All covered in blisters!



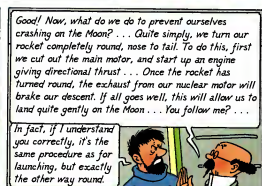
Well, what is it? His lordship
isn't pleased? ... What more do
you want? ... A shampoo and
set? ... Or would you rather I
put it in curlers?



Look! ... There! ...



Ha! ha! ha! My poor
fellow! If you could
see yourself!





Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Stand by to start up the directional thrust ... Ten seconds to go ... nine ... eight ... seven ... six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... ZERO.



Stand by to cut the directional thrust ... Ten seconds to go ... nine ... eight ... seven ... six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... ZERO.



Moon-Rocket To Earth ... The turning operation ...

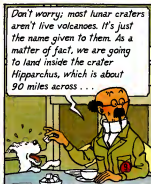
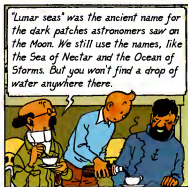
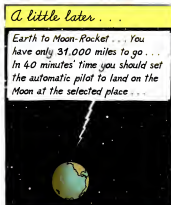
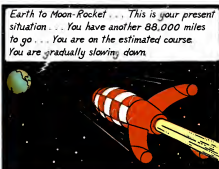


... was entirely successful!

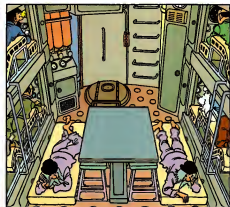
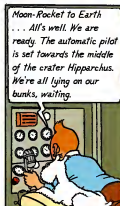
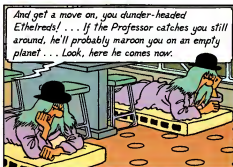
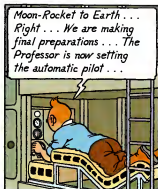


... We are now in a position to reduce our speed gradually, and to land safely on the Moon ...

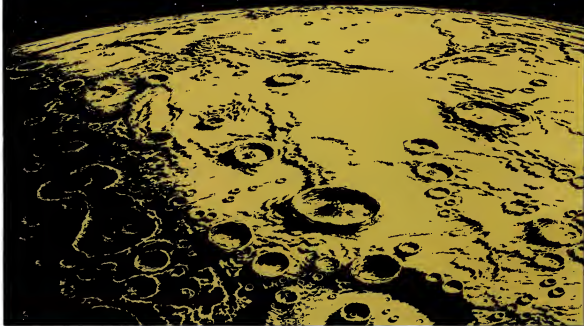
We'll, carry on, my friends! Happy Moon-landing! Ha! ha! ha!







Moon-Rocket to Earth... Tintin calling... We are beginning to feel the effects of slackening speed...



The rocket is being shaken by slight vibrations... We are lying flat on our bunks... It's an effort to make the least movement...



Our ears are ringing... The vibrations are getting stronger and stronger... The crushing sensation is worse... It's getting difficult to breathe...

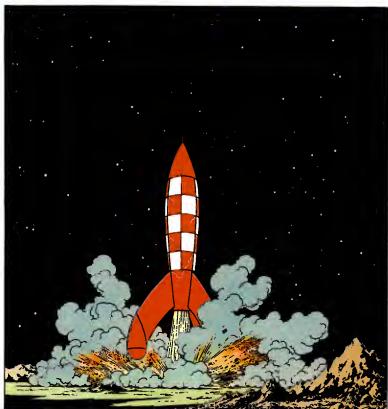
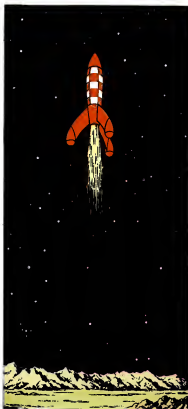
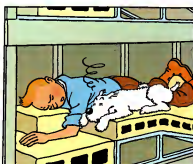
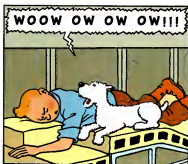


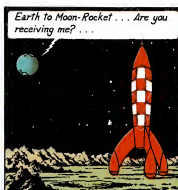
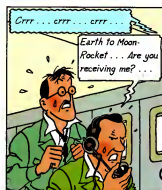
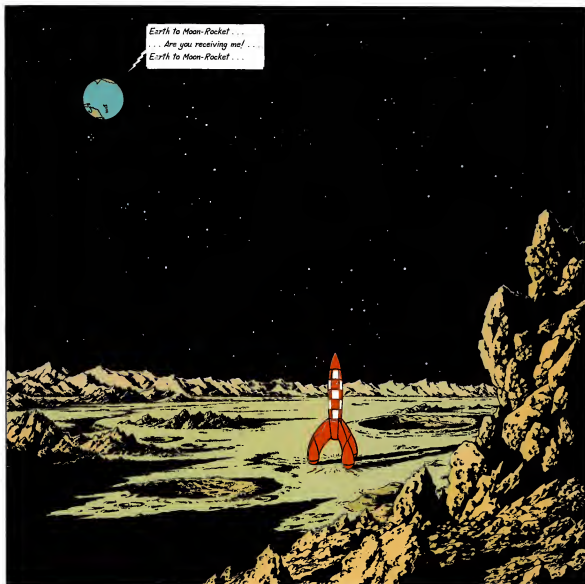
We're being crushed into our bunks... by an intolerable weight... can't move now... The Professor... blacked out... I... think... I think...

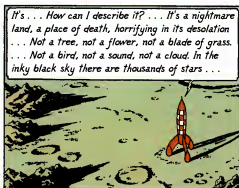
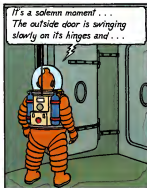
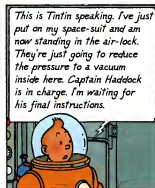
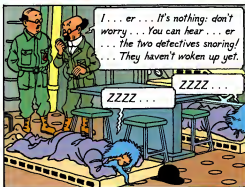
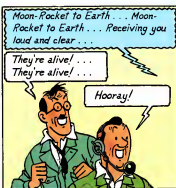


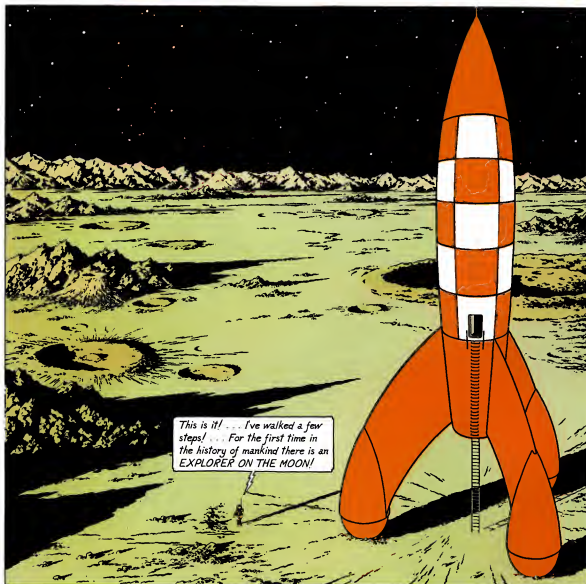
... my head... will... burst!... My eyes... I'm sure... they'll pop... out of their... sockets... I... My heart... Oh, my heart...

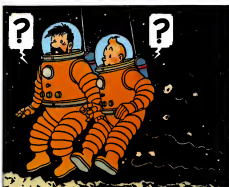
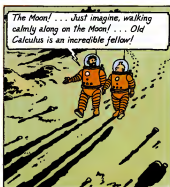
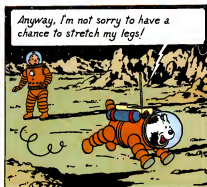
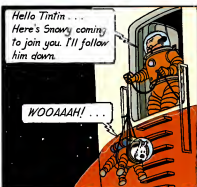
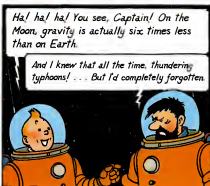


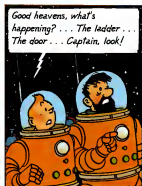
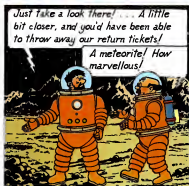
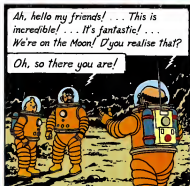
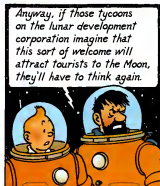
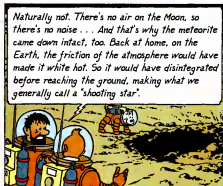
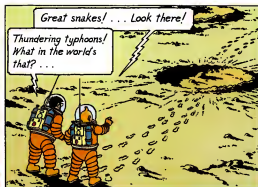
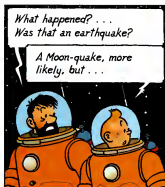


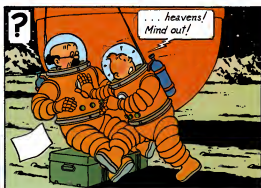
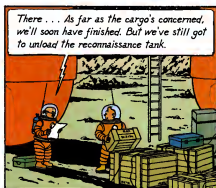
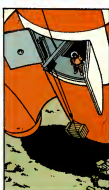
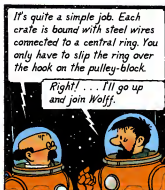
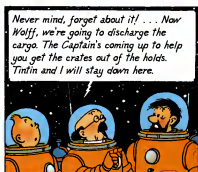
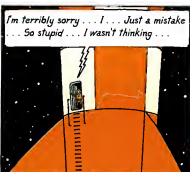
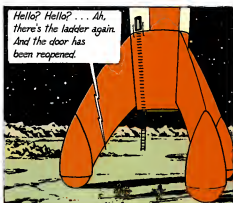
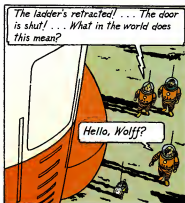


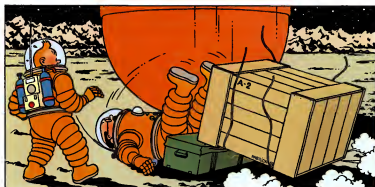












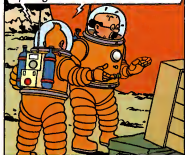
Young man, would you be kind enough to explain the meaning of this ridiculous prank?



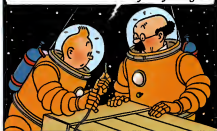
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! I'd thank Tintin if I were you. Without him you'd have been smashed to pulp!



Look, Professor. Was I wrong to push you over?



The wires have parted. Just look there; they've been worn through by friction. It must have been caused by the vibrations to the rocket towards the end of the journey.



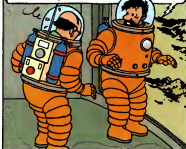
We certainly had a bit of luck! Shall we carry on, Captain? But this time be sure to check the wires.



And how! I'll make doubly sure!



I say, Wolff, we're going to carry on ... By Christopher, Wolff, what's the matter?



I ... I don't know ... I felt dizzy ... suddenly ... I thought I was going to faint. Perhaps it's my heart ... I ... I'll go: I feel better already.



Don't worry, Wolff; probably it's only fatigue. And perhaps your oxygen supply is badly adjusted. Go and lie down. In fact, we'll all follow suit.



A few minutes later ...

Moon-Rocket to Earth. We've just come back on board for a bit of a rest. Meanwhile the two detectives have gone out to have a turn at exploring.

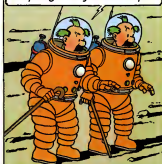


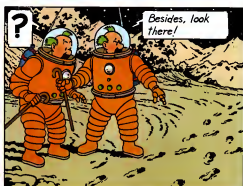
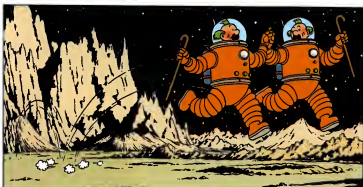
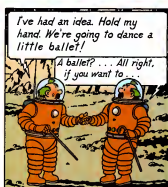
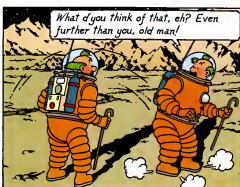
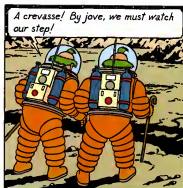
Imagine! Here we are, strolling on the surface of the Moon, where the hand of man has never set foot!

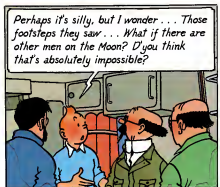
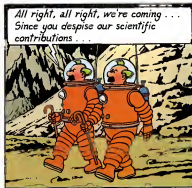
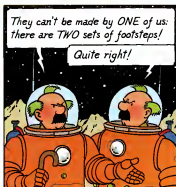
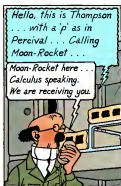
Hm! ... Really never?



Stop, my dear fellow! Stop!







A few minutes later . . .

Gentlemen, our plan was to stay on the Moon for a whole lunar day - that's equivalent to fourteen terrestrial days. But our oxygen supplies were intended for four people and one dog, and not for six people, which is our present number. So we shall have to restrict our stay to six days.

We must therefore hasten our work. While Wolff and I set up our observational instruments. Tintin and the Captain will unload the components of our reconnaissance tank and assemble it. Is that agreed? Right then, gentlemen, let's get to work!

EXTRACT FROM THE LOG BOOK
BY PROFESSOR CALCULUS

3rd June - 2145 hrs. (S.M.T.).
Unloading of cargo completed.
Wolff and I have started to install the observatory. Quick work at 2200 hrs. Captain Haddock and Tintin have begun assembling the tank.
4th June - 0830 hrs. Operations commenced at 0400 hrs (S.M.T.).
Telescope mounted. Camera in position. Theodolites in working order.

Moon to Earth . . . Calculus calling . . .
The optical instruments and cameras are ready for use. We are beginning our observational work.

Observe away, my friends. You do that! Your discoveries will be vastly interesting . . . TO US! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

EXTRACT FROM THE LOG BOOK
BY PROFESSOR CALCULUS

4th June - 2150 hrs. (S.M.T.).
Wolff and I spent the day studying cosmic rays and making astronomical observations. Our findings have been entered progressively in Special Record Books Nos. I and II. The Captain and Tintin have nearly finished assembling the tank.
5th June - 1920 hrs. (S.M.T.).
Half an hour ago the Captain and Tintin pronounced the tank ready for use.

Moon to Earth . . . Calculus calling . . . The tank is ready. We're going to make the first trials. Tintin will be in charge. He's just entering the turret.

He has just secured the hatch. Now they are filling the insulated cabin with air. When this is done they can remove their space-suits; then Tintin will take the controls and the Captain will act as lookout.

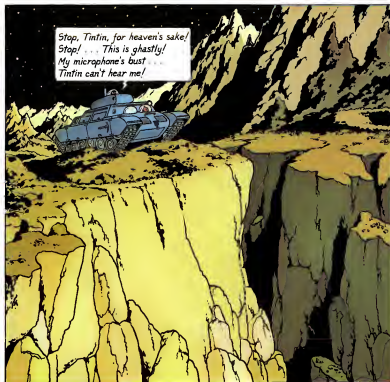
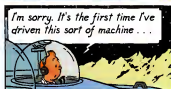
Ah, there's Tintin's head showing through the multiplex cockpit cover. He's smiling at me and signalling that everything's in order.

And there's the Captain. Like Tintin, he's signalling to us that all's well. He's wearing his head-phones and . . .

Hello, Haddock calling . . . Ready for departure . . .
Hello there, Tintin, weigh the anchor!

Good luck!

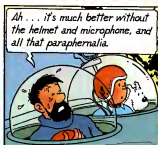
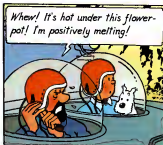
OK . . .
Off we go!

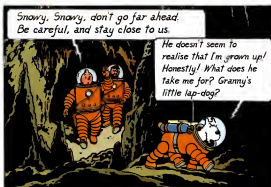
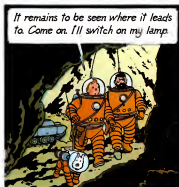
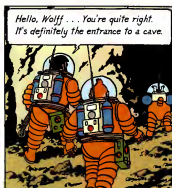




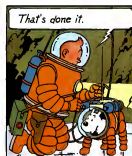
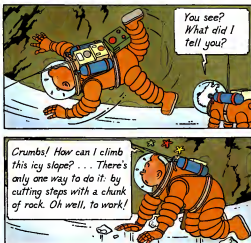
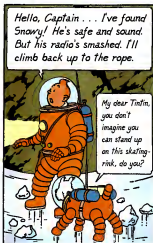
EXTRACT FROM THE LOG BOOK
BY PROFESSOR CALCULUS

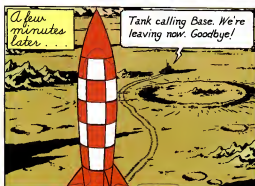
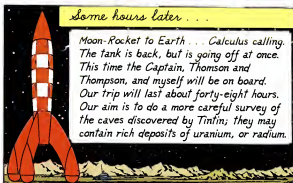
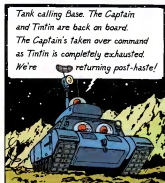
6th June - 1340 hrs. (A.M.T.)
This is a day that will go down in the annals of science. We have succeeded in making direct measurement of the constant of solar radiation, and fixing exactly the limits of the solar spectrum in the ultra-violet. An hour ago, at 1235 precisely, Wiloff, the Captain, Jordin and Snowy set off on a reconnaissance trip in the tank, towards the crater Prometheus.

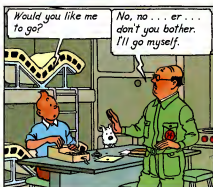


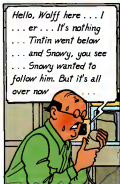
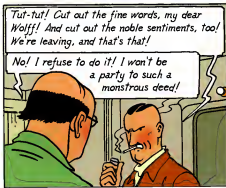


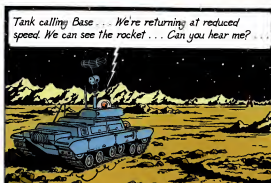
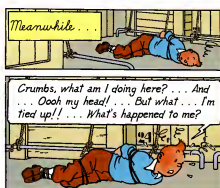
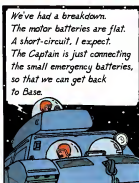
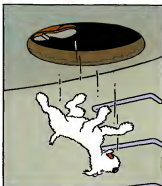
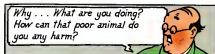


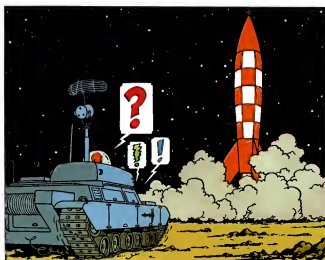
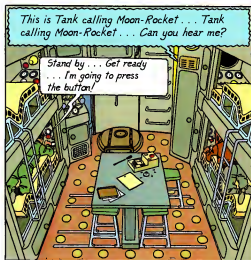
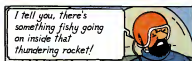
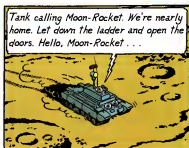
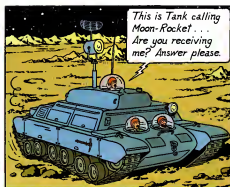


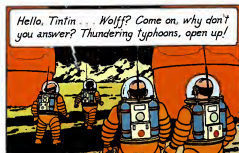
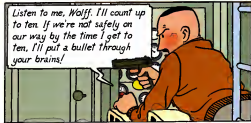
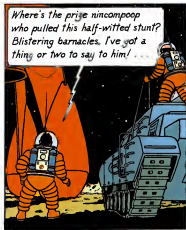
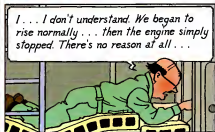
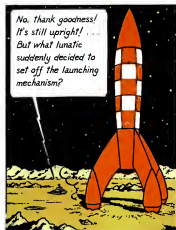
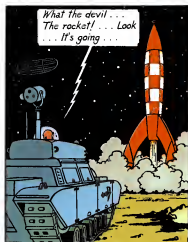


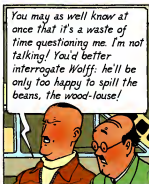
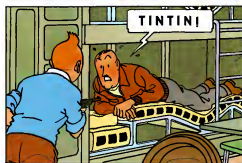












Quick, quick! I think Snowy's leg is broken! What? I'm coming at once.



I'm afraid you're right. I saw him lying unconscious a few minutes ago. But there was other urgent work to be done. I'll carry him up to the cabin.



Well?

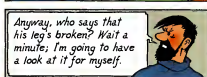
Yes, his leg's broken.



You hear that, you unfeeling monsters? ... Vivisectionists! ... Torturers! ... Cannibals!



Anyway, who says that his leg's broken? Wait a minute; I'm going to have a look at it for myself.



Now then, Snowy boy. Captain Haddock's going to examine you ... There ... Let's see your paw ... Does that hurt? No, not at all, eh?



!?



I ... er ... you see: I have a way with animals ... It's one of my strong points. But I wonder if it wouldn't be better ...



A few minutes later ...

There we are, Snowy. A few days' rest, and you'll be fine.



Now then, back to these gentlemen. We're waiting for your explanation, Wolff.

Yes ... I'll tell you everything.



Three years ago I was working in America at the rocket proving ground at White Sands. None of this would have happened if I'd not had a passion for gambling ... I got into debt ... Then one day, in New York, a man approached me. He said he knew my situation, and was ready to settle my debts in exchange for a little harmless information ...



... about the nuclear research I was engaged on. But little by little he put pressure on me to reveal real secrets. At first, I refused. But my creditors were hounding me. I was trapped ... Finally I gave in ... A spy - that's what I had become. But one day I rebelled. I wanted to become an honest man again, and I fled to Europe ... In the end I came to Syldavia, where I heard they were building an atomic centre. I got a job there.



When you arrived in Sprodi I was happy, and had forgotten the whole business. Then one day I received a message. They had picked up my trail; they ordered me to furnish them with complete details of the experimental rocket we were just finishing. Otherwise my past would be revealed. Heartstricken, I surrendered.



So it was you who betrayed all the plans, and all the radio-control data!

It was I; yes, it was I.



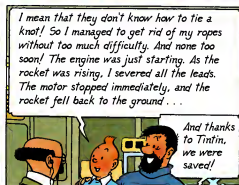
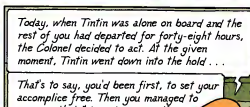
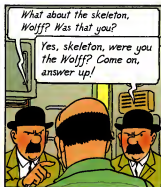
Then it was you who nearly stove my head in, too, when I was lying in wait in the corridor at the Centre. Well, you'll pay for that all right!



One moment, Captain. We too have a question to ask the prisoner.

Yes, a vital question!





Undoubtedly by cutting the leads Tintin averted disaster ... for the time being. Alas, it is only too likely that in falling, the rocket suffered serious damage. And this will probably take time to repair. Meanwhile, there's still the grave problem of the oxygen ... But let's hear the rest of your story, Tintin.



Where was I? ... Oh yes. Once the rocket grounded, I opened the door of the air-lock and lowered the retractable ladder, so that you could get in. Then, having armed myself with a pistol and spammer, I came quietly up to the cabin ... I found myself right in the middle of a family squabble ...



This thug accused Wolff of sabotaging the launching gear, and was going to shoot him. My spammer knocked his gun out of his hand. Just in time, wasn't it, my dear Jorgen ... as it seems that you are no longer Colonel Boris.

Why, do you know this pithecanthropus?



Oh yes, we met in Syldavia, over that business of King Ottokar's Sceptre. Under the name of Boris, he was aide-de-camp to King Muskar XII, whom he shamefully betrayed. I won the first round, but for a while he seemed to be winning the second ...



And now we'll dump these two down in the hold.

What? ... While we risk running out of oxygen, we're going to clutter the place up with these pirates? They were going to abandon us on the Moon: well, that's the fate they deserve themselves ... by thunder!



We must be more chivalrous than they were, Captain ... Now, you're the expert, so take them below and tie them up securely.

As you like! But you'll live to regret your noble gesture. Mark my words: you'll regret it!



Anyway, my little lambs, I'm going to knit you lovely little rope waistcoats to keep you nice and warm! Hand-made, by thunder! Guaranteed absolutely perfect!



Do what you like with me. But please be kind enough to stop spluttering in my face - it's wet!



What? ... Me? ... We? ... Blistering barnacles, you dare ... A man of spirit like me! To hear myself insulted, by this creature, this Bashi-bazouk!

Calm down, Captain, calm down!



Calm down? Calm down? ... But you heard him, this little black-beetle! Daring to make out that I'm wet! Calm down! I like that, from you!



To call me wet! ... What a nerve!



Calculus has got one.

Yes, I'll fetch it.



Come now, Captain, the incident is closed. Go on down to the hold with the two prisoners.

That's right. In the meantime I'll get in touch with the Earth and tell them what's been happening.



Moon-Rocket calling Earth. There have been extremely serious developments here . . . A traitor, in the service of some unknown Power, was secretly smuggled aboard the rocket.

... Wolff was his accomplice . . . Yes, Wolff! . . . Today they went into action and tried to seize control of the rocket. Fortunately we have managed to overpower them, and put a stop to their mischief . . .



Meanwhile . . .

There! If you succeed in getting yourselves undone, blistering barnacles, I'll sign the pledge and drink nothing but water for the rest of my days!



A few minutes later . . .

That's done! Our two chump chops are now on ice!

Good. Now for my news . . .



I've just made a superficial inspection of the damage to the rocket. My preliminary estimate is that it will take us at least a hundred hours to effect the necessary repairs.



To that must be added the time for our return journey. We have oxygen supplies for a hundred hours at the most, which means that having used our last resources to re-launch the rocket, we shall run the risk of arriving on Earth as corpses.



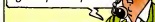
Perhaps! But meanwhile we're still very much alive. And we'll start work at once. At all costs we must get everything finished in the shortest possible time!



Moon-Rocket to Earth. We're going to begin the repair work. Give us some music: it will keep up our morale.



Earth to Moon-Rocket. We'll switch on Radio-Klow for you. Keep your spirits up!



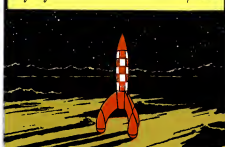
Come on, come on, cry-babies! To work! And none of those gloomy thoughts. We're going to have some music. Thundering typhoons, there's nothing like a bit of music to cheer you up!



This is Radio-Klow: Our programme continues with 'The Gravedigger', by Schubert.



The time passes . . . slowly, the lunar night falls on the desolate landscape . . .



Seventy-two hours have gone by...

Moon-Rocket to Earth... The work is well ahead. Barring accidents, we shall have finished by midday... However, we are having to abandon the tank and the optical instruments on the Moon. To dismantle them and then reload them would take too long, in view of the little oxygen remaining.



We are only keeping the recording instruments, the cameras, and, of course, the oxygen cylinders from the tank. They constitute our final reserves. Tintin and the Captain have gone to collect them. I'm switching over now, as I want to keep in touch with them.

Right.



Hello Tintin... Calculus here... How are you getting on?



All right, thanks. But the sun has completely vanished. Only the mountain-tops are still glowing on the horizon...



But it's not preventing us from seeing, as there's a wonderful light from the Earth.

Pom Pom Pom ♪ And they danced by the ♪ light of ♪ the Earth ♪

We have left a message sealed inside the tank for those who may one day follow in our steps. If we are lost with all hands, this message will be a reminder of the fantastic adventures of the first men on the Moon. Now we are coming back on board.



A few minutes later...

Everything's in order, Professor.

Good. Well, I've finished all the repairs. Earth have just given me the result of their reckoning. Take-off should be at 16.52 hours. So we have about two hours to go.



I advise you to lie down, to save oxygen. But before doing that, Captain, would you go to the hold and make the prisoners lie down as well, so that they won't suffer too much.

What?? And would you like me to take them breakfast in bed?



Keeping them is crazy enough! But to coddle them like babes in arms... blistering barnacles, that's the limit! Still, I'll go.



Patience! I've not struck my last blow yet! But ssh! Someone's coming...

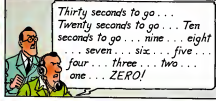


Two hours later...

Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Stand by... Stand by...

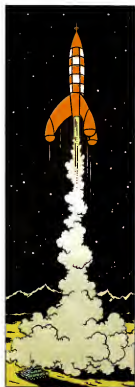


Thirty seconds to go... Twenty seconds to go... Ten seconds to go... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two... one... ZERO!



I press the button... and pray that everything works properly! Otherwise, we're condemned to death!





Success! ... Wonderful! ...
Marvellous! ... We're off!



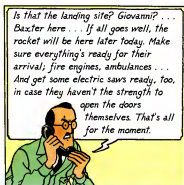
And just for a change, blistering
barnacles, we're going to pass out!



And upon the shadowy world a few
footsteps remain, the only trace of the
first EXPLORER! ON THE MOON.



They're on their way! The only thing
that matters now is that they should have
enough oxygen ... But whatever happens,
everything must be prepared for landing.



Is that the landing site? Giovanni? ...
Baxter here ... If all goes well, the
rocket will be here later today. Make
sure everything's ready for their
arrival: fire engines, ambulances ...
And get some electric saws ready, too,
in case they haven't the strength to
open the doors
themselves. That's all
for the moment.



I say, Mr Baxter, there's something
wrong! Look: the rocket is deviating
from the correct line of flight. I
wonder what's happening ...



By Jupiter! You're right!
Perhaps the steering gear was
damaged by the fall ... Or else
their gyroscopes have been put
out of order ... It's imperative
that they correct their course
... Call them, Walter!



This is Earth calling
Moon-Rocket ...
Earth calling Moon-
Rocket ... Are you
receiving me? ...



No reply! ... And they're
getting further and further
away! The poor devils!
They're going to their death!



Earth calling Moon-
Rocket ... Are you
receiving me?

Earth calling Moon-Rocket ... Are you receiving me? ... Earth calling Moon-Rocket ...



Earth calling Moon-Rocket ...



Earth calling Moon-Rocket ...



Oh, the poor devils! ... So much oxygen, simply being wasted ... Heaven knows, they have little enough to play with ...

Ssh! ... They're answering!



Moon-Rocket to Earth ... This is Tintin calling ... I have just regained consciousness.



Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Correct your line of flight at once: you are completely off course.

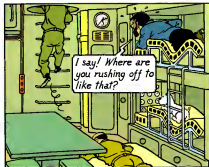
Right!



Quickly, Professor! Hurry! Come to the control cabin. We are off course!



I say! Where are you rushing off to like that?



Hi! Wait for me! I'm coming! What's happening?



Goodness gracious! This is disastrous! We're heading towards Jupiter!



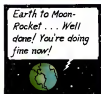
Obviously the steering gear is out of alignment ... Ah! That's done it, thank goodness!



Moon-Rocket to Earth ... The steering gear was jammed ... We are getting back on the right course.



Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Well done! You're doing fine now!



Good. We can go below. That was a near thing!

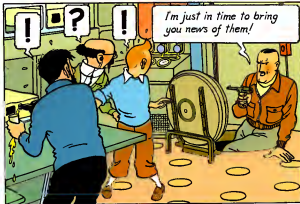


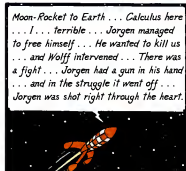
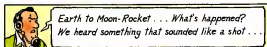
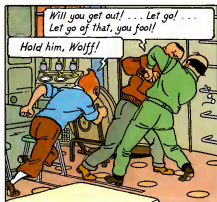
And now that traitor Wolff isn't here to be such a kill-joy, we'll just cheer ourselves up. Let's have a drink all round ... Tintin? ... Professor?

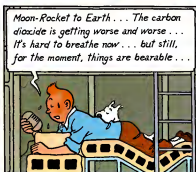
By the way, where have the two detectives gone?



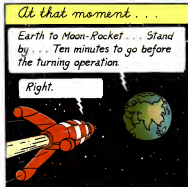
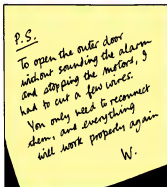
I'm just in time to bring you news of them!

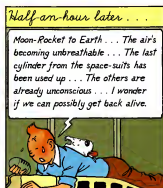
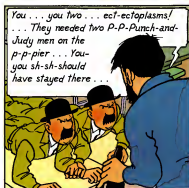












For nearly an hour the rocket hurtles on towards the Earth.

Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Stand by ... You have only about 8,000 miles to go ... Get ready to set the automatic pilot ...



Moon-Rocket ... To Earth ... Timin here ... I understand ... I ... I'll try ... to rouse ... the ... Professor.



Professor! Professor! ... We're nearly home ... Wake up ... We've got to ... set the automatic pilot ...



Professor! For goodness sake! ... Professor please ... It ... it's no good ... I can't rouse him ... Now what's to be done?



I've ... I've simply got to ... try ... myself ... There's no one but me ... Oh, I'm stifling ...



I must ... I must get to ... to the ladder ...



I've done it ... But ... shall I ever have the strength ...



This ... awful ... dizziness!



Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Are you in the control cabin?

Come on ... one last effort ...



Earth calling ...

I'm nearly ... there ...



Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Hurry up and set the automatic pilot ... Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Can you hear me?

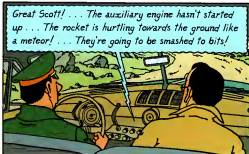
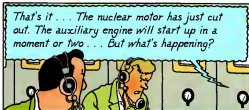
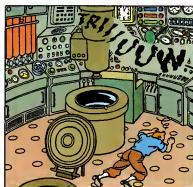


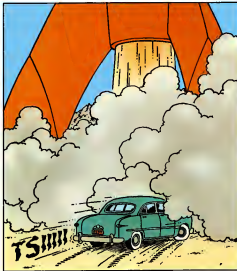
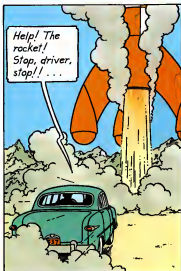
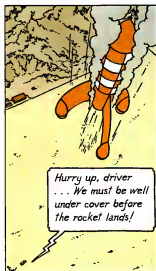
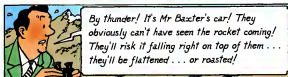
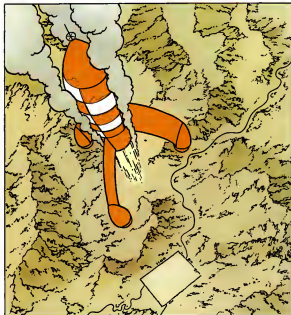
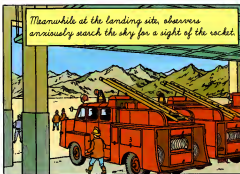
Moon-Rocket ... Can you hear me? ... Moon-Rocket!

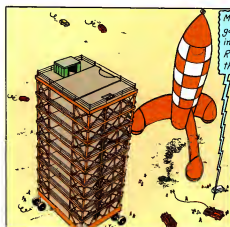
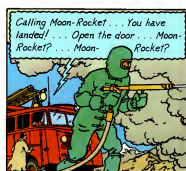
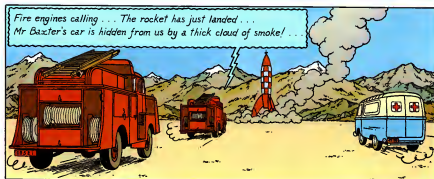


Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Can you hear me? For heaven's sake answer! ... There's not a moment to lose! ... You are plunging to disaster!



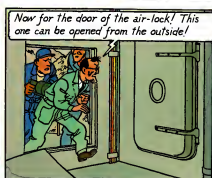


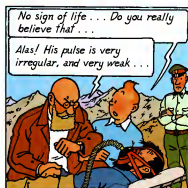
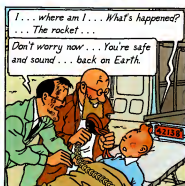
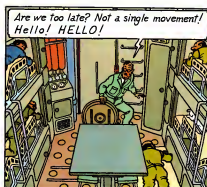


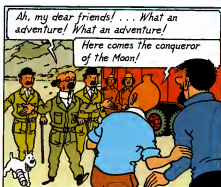


Moon-Rocket . . . The gantries are being moved into position . . . Moon-Rocket, I repeat, open the door!

No answer . . . We must cut open the hull . . . Bring the electric saws.



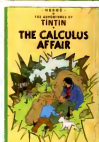




THE END

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MINUTEMEN

